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Title: A Lament For Gunther

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The sun has set upon our  
realm;  
A great light has gone  
out.  
I ask the winds of my  
dear friend  
But he is not about.

O Conqueror of death's  
grey robe  
Come now in all your  
pride!  
But ever shall we wait i  
vain,  
He has gone with the  
eventide.

The North Wind blows.  
The South Wind cries.  
The East Wind tarries.  
The West Wind dies.

Forever shall we call you  
name

In wishes you will return.  
Forever in the Elven  
heart  
A thought of you shall  
burn.

O Gunther! Mantagollo!  
Why leave you these

green shores?  
A voice now calls to  
answer mine,  
"He's tired of tears and  
wars^!"

The North Wind blows.  
The South Wind cries.

The East Wind tarries.  
The West Wind dies.

Then live in peace, O  
elvenking.  
O Elvenking of old,  
With shining face and  
slender bow

And hair a mane of gold.

Tomorrow will take you  
away.  
May the sun be where  
you roam!  
Forever shall we think of  
thee

As you cut the silver  
foam.

The North Wind blows.  
The South Wind cries.  
The East Wind tarries.  
The West Wind dies.

But ever you'll remain.